The fold ſtands empty, in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread, are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymme or carroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes do abound.
And through this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoared headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buds
Is as in mockery ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and originall.

Oberon. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Queene. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buies not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votreſſe of my order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde,

Which

Which ſhe with pretty an
Following (her wombe t
Would imitate, and ſaile
To fetch me trifles, and r
As from a voyage, rich wi
But ſhe being mortall, of
And for her ſake do I rear
And for her ſake I will no

Ob. How long within t

Queen. Perchance till a
If you will patiently danc
And ſee our Moone-light
If not, ſhun me and I will

Ob. Giue me that boy,

Qu. Not for thy Fairie
We ſhall chide downe rig

Ob. Well, go thy way:
Till I torment thee for thi
My gentle *Puc'ke* come hit
Since once I ſat vpon a pr
And heard a Meare-maide
Vttering ſuch dulcet and
That the rude ſea grew ci
And certaine ſtarres ſhot
To heare the Sea-maids m

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſa
Flying betweene the colde
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine
At a faire Veſtall, throned
And loos'd his loue-ſhaft
As it ſhould pierce a hund
But I might ſee young *Cu*
Quencht in the chaſte bea
And the imperiall Votreſſe